

The
West
Saxon



Autumn Term,
1928.

The West Saxon.

¶ Contributions for the next issue should reach the Editor not later than Feb. 14th, 1929. They must be written in ink, on one side of the paper only.

¶ Communications with regard to advertisements should be addressed to the Secretary of the *West Saxon*, University College.

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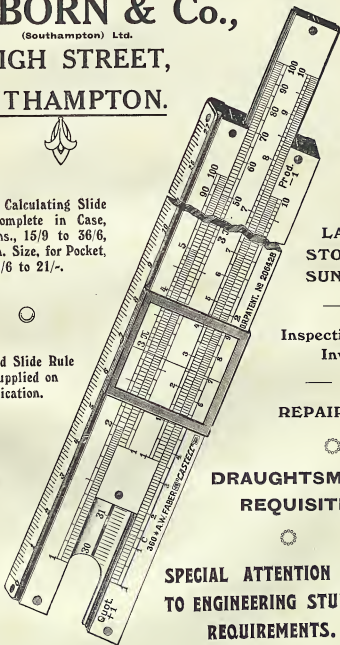
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1927 RECORD.

MEMBERSHIP	-	-	-	-	125,274
NEW MEMBERS	-	-	-	-	11,260
NET INCREASE	-	-	-	-	4,000

FINANCE.

TOTAL FUNDS	-	-	-	-	£750,000
INCREASE 1927	-	-	-	-	£74,000

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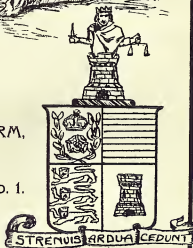
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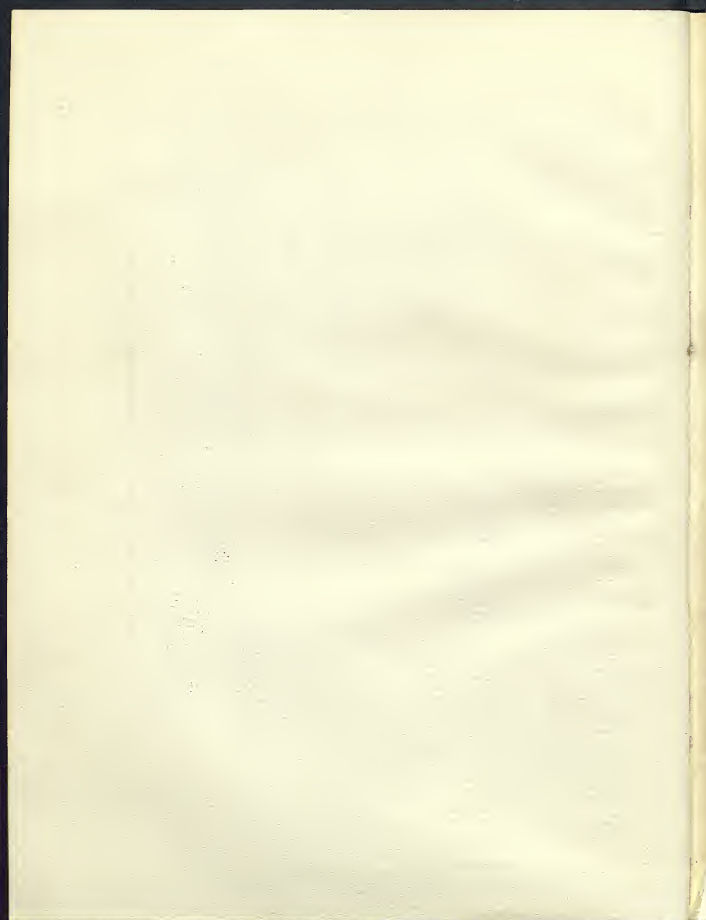
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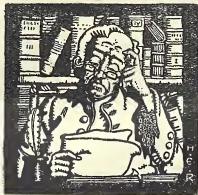
The West Saxon.

Editor:
Miss P. SLADER.

Sub-Editor:
L. T. ETCHES.

Secretary:
P. J. OSBORN.

EDITORIAL.



PARADOXICALLY enough, we find ourselves in spring. The steady labour of the University Appeal in the field of Wessex, and, in particular, the scattering of the seed throughout Southampton, has resulted lately in unmistakable signs of new growth. Not the least of these is the much-needed pavilion, which, thanks to a recent generous gift to the University of Wessex Appeal Fund, should shortly appear in our Athletic Grounds.

The *West Saxon* itself is not unseasonable. We refer, not to the unaccustomed verdure of our outer leaves, which was dictated by a manufacturer's shortage of paper in our chosen colour, but rather to the appearance of new cover and title page designs and of a Supplement on the National Union of

Students. The cover, for which we are indebted to Dr. Lawton, is designed, like our title, to suggest the maturity towards which our University life is striving. We can think of no figure more suitable to appear upon the cover of a *West Saxon* than that of King Alfred of Wessex, one of the greatest pioneers of education in the South. For us who are entered into his labours, his statue at Winchester, from which the figure has been taken, must hold more significance even than the arms of our ancient town that have hitherto distinguished the cover of our magazine.

Of the novelty of our new shoots within we speak with rather more diffidence, since an N.U.S. Supplement, so far from being an original idea, has already materialised in the "Serpent" of Manchester University. We are even compelled, in the interests of truth, to admit that in our own journal it is not without precedent. As long ago as the summer of 1924, one of our enterprising predecessors published an "N.U.S. Page." We have found it a less profitable source than the foreigner, but we must confess to the joy with which we read in it of our dignified contemporary the University as "certainly an interesting little publication which deserves support."

But it is not example alone that has inspired our Supplement. As a correspondent has pointed out, a self-contained community harbours dangerous tendencies towards stagnation of thought and organisation. We suggest that for us, in a college of less than four hundred students, salvation must come largely from contact with the rest of the University world—such contact as the N.U.S. offers. Nobly as our official representatives have always worked, we have yet failed, as a whole, to do justice to the opportunities afforded by our membership. That widened horizons and new mental stimuli are necessary to our college, we are sufficiently convinced, no less by our own editorial experience than by the continued lack of support from which the Debating Society suffers. The urge to self-expression is so rare as to be almost unknown among us. And while this may be largely attributable to the system, criticised below, which, by assuming almost entire control of our energies, reduces independent mental experience to the state of vague impressions, it must also be due, in some measure, to a lack of external interest. Even among the few who achieve articulation or have it thrust upon them, there is a startlingly small range of subject. With a single notable exception, our contributors in this number are occupied with themselves or with themes of local interest. Self-observation and self-analysis may be of the greatest value, but they do not suffice as evidence of a spring-time in the minds of West Saxons.

TWO SONNETS.

From the Italian.

I.

LOVE dwells within my lady's eyes : her glance
 Makes all things gentle that she sees, and where
 She passes each one turns to look at her ;
 Her greeting sets a proud man's heart adance,
 He lowers his eyes, pale grows his countenance,
 As he feels all his faults within him stir :
 She drives forth anger and pride, hell's minister :
 O ladies, help me to do her reverence.

Humility and all sweetness that beguiles
 Man's heart are his who hears her speak, and who
 Beholds her first his paradise shall find ;
 But what she is when she a little smiles
 No tongue can tell, no thought can bring to mind,
 It is a miracle so sweet and new.

Dante—*Vita Nuova.**Sonnet XI*

II.

Lord, make me see thy glory in every place :
 If mortal beauty sets my heart aglow,
 Shall not that earthly fire by thine burn low,
 Extinguisht by the great light of thy grace ?
 Dear Lord, I cry to thee for help, O raise
 Me from the misery of this blind woe,
 Thy spirit alone can save me, let it flow
 Through will and sense redeeming what is base.

Thou hast given me on earth this god-like soul,
 And a poor prisoner of it thou hast made
 Behind weak flesh walls, from that wretched state
 How can I rescue it, how my true life find ?
 All goodness, Lord, must fail without thy aid :
 Thy power alone has strength to alter fate.

Michael Angelo—*Sonnet xxxiii.*

V. de S. P.



THE NEW UNIVERSITIES.

IN what Mr. Micawber would call "recent peregrinations in the metropolis," one chanced upon a small volume entitled "The New Universities" (Benn, 6s.) by an ex-President of the Cambridge union, H. G. G. Herklots, and having read it with great interest, one would commend it to all who share in the life of the new universities, or university colleges.

The rise of the new university and the consequent enormous growth of university education during the past half century is one of the greatest educational revolutions of modern times. The principle that every man capable of benefiting by university education should be enabled to enjoy it, is very laudable. This ideal state of affairs, however, is far from being realised at present, and while we may on the one hand congratulate ourselves on the steadily increasing number of university men and women in our country, there are, on the other hand, many abuses in the modern universities which cry out for reform. In the pages of this book many of the problems which must arise in most, if not all of the new universities, are treated with the insight of one who is himself in close touch with student life, and many aspects of this life are subjected to a searching criticism.

In the chapter entitled "The Nemesis of Teaching" one finds a simple direct statement of what many a student in the Training Department of this college has felt or is feeling to-day.

The position of such students is worthy of consideration. An intelligent boy or girl, it may be, wins a scholarship from an elementary school to a secondary one. Here he or she continues to be intelligent, or, what is more important, to pass examinations. At quite an early age a hope is held out of a university career, given free by the Government provided the pupil will promise to give up a certain portion of his life to teaching. And at the university, what happens? A new world is opened. The undergraduate sees "spires away on the world's rim." Very likely he finds that he has no aptitude for teaching whatever and would rather devote his life to journalism or advertising, or medicine, callings of which he heard little when he was still at school. The prospect of the coming years distresses him more and more. He cannot do the things that he would wish to do; he cannot fulfil the desires that the liberal atmosphere of the university has given him. He is caught in the machine. He must teach. For the not very clever girl who is having a gay time at the university the prospect is probably worse than for a man. She hardly dares think of it and pushes it into the background of her mind. For years she will have to teach, perhaps in a village or a small town. The pay will be adequate, but she knows that her heart will not be in the work. It is just one kind of work rather than another. "What are you going to do when you go down?" she is asked, and she replies, "I suppose I'll have to teach." "It's one of the pathetic things about women," wrote Mr. H. G. Wells in "Tono-Bungay," "the superiority of school and college to anything they get afterwards."

On the subject of lectures Mr. Herklots has something to say, with which not only students, but many lecturers will agree. "Concentration upon lectures," he affirms, "has become the curse of the new universities. Lectures are compulsory or semi-compulsory. Acquaintance with the lecturer's notes is looked upon as the golden road to academic distinction, and the skill of speedy writing an undergraduate's greatest need." On the subject of compulsory lectures he points out that "A student is not likely to become enthusiastic about a lecture he is forced to attend—and it is enthusiasm that matters. The suggestion of the compulsory lecture is the suggestion of school." The force of this suggestion is doubled when a lecturer in the education department

pounces upon a graduate with a high class honours degree, inspects his notes after the manner of the class room and reprimands him for having (very pardonably at three o'clock in the afternoon) been guilty of some inaccuracy—errors which the student with three years' experience of university study would quite conceivably have remedied in his later revision, for which perchance he would not rely entirely upon notes taken in lectures. We quote again from Mr. Herklots "If it is unwise to have compulsory lectures, it is surely madness to deliver them in the afternoon."

Lest the reader should be tempted to judge from the passages above quoted, that the book is little more than an incitement to rebel against established authority, one must hasten to state in fairness to the author that such is not the case. The subjects upon which he touches range from conversation and libraries to hospital rags, from halls of residence to university book-shops. The above quotations were merely selected as being relevant to a particular question which a number of students have very much at heart. In conclusion, one would call attention to the fact that this book has the merit of brevity, this in addition to its attractive style should commend it to those of us who have but one free period each week.

CASTOR.



QUEST.

I SOUGHT for Wisdom through great piles of books
Stored round my room, in dust and learning bound.
My eyes grew dim with searching. And I found
Her finger print. (I know now how it looks).

I sought for Wisdom through vast crowds of men—
A world of talkers yet with naught to say—
For thought and feeling babble drove away
Ere they conceived. (I saw her shadow then).

I sought for Wisdom in the depths of sky,
In stretch of waters seen from mountains high,
Where only the salt sweep of the passing breeze
Speaks of her name among the dwarfed trees.

I sought for Wisdom where I'd heard before
She should be found (so wise men love to say)
In my own spirit. And I came away
Certain I should not know her if I saw.

Y.R.K.

POTTED PERSONALITIES.

(The Editor disclaims all responsibility for any opinions expressed in this contribution. Claims for damages should be addressed to "I.F.C., S.S.H., U.C.S.")

A preliminary recitation of the well-known epigram:—

The Roman Emperor Nero
Was not a Christian hero;
He used Church communicants
For street illuminants—

successfully evoked the Muse. It is she who is really responsible for the following:—



Principal Vickers
Would never wear knickers;
For he said: "I just feel
That the things don't *appeal*."

The Manciple Cox
Must pull up his sox;
He bought foreign port
That he didn't ought.

Professor Albert A. Cock
Gave the whole world a shock
By blowing the bugle
Of Baron von Hugel.



Clarence Smith
Is a College myth;
His favourite topic
Is so microscopic.

Professor Mangham
Said: "Bother and hang 'em!
Why won't they spend hours
Studying flowers?"



Professor Lyttel
Should preach about Hell ;
We think he could cull for us
Epithets sulphurous.

Jimmy Hatt
Is working on fat ;
He's found a colloid
For Dr. Boyd.

Professor Stansfield
Went to a man's field
And microphoned round,
Searching for sound.

Professor Pinto
When converted to Shinto
Said : " You see, my ancestor
Wrote the Zend-Avesta ! "



Miss A. M. Trout
Is always put out
At a church where ritual
And suchlike is habitual.

Mr. P. Ford
Never looks bored ;
He thinks it quite comical
To be economical.

Dr. F. G. Maunsell
Has now learned to cancel ;
Philharmonic progression
Is Maunsell's obsession.

(*Addendum* : Continuous fractions
His pet distractions.)

F. W. Anderson
Simply meanders on ;
He now wants to invest in
A fly's intestine.

(*Addendum* : He wants 6-volt shocks.
To electrocute rocks.)

(For the special benefit of the Classics Department.)

Pauly-Wissowa
One day toppled over.
The weight of its knowledge
Ruined the College.

REFERRED : The following members of Staff may sit again next term in the event of their producing a suitable rhyme to their names. For the present, this is the best that we can do for them :—

H. O. T. Rishbeth, Geography,
Unfortunately we must transmogrify ;
We simply can't rhyme it,
Because of the climate.

(*Addendum* : He rode on a gee-gee
The whole length of Fiji.)



(*Addendum* :

The Professor of Zoo
Must be mentioned too ;
His smile grows wider
When he finds a new spider.
He likes new Arachnidans,
Can't stand the hackneyed 'uns.)

We've doubts about Cook ;
We think he's a spook.

It's fortunate that Henry Glover-James
Does not possess a longer string of names.

CASUALTIES : Unfortunately the greater part of the College Staff could not be dealt with, either on account of the unsuitability of their names for purposes of rhyme or because of their blameless record. The calendar should be consulted for the list of names.

Intus Fervet Caritas.

LETTER OF ADVICE AND EXHORTATION TO A PROSPECTIVE FRESHER.

From one who has learnt.

University College,
Southampton.

Dear—

I AM very glad to hear that you have applied for entry to this College next October, and if I use a little of my newly-acquired influence doubtless you will be "of us" next year. Perhaps you would like a little idea of what to expect.

I do not know, of course, what you will think of the College buildings, but, between ourselves, on my first view I imagined I was approaching a large jam factory and my spirits rose accordingly. This impression was soon rectified, though I cannot say I was struck by any deep feeling of reverence for knowledge. There was, alas! none of the studious cloister-like atmosphere I had hoped for. Students were flying about in all directions, occasionally raising their voices slightly as they recounted interesting vac. (you leave "holidays" behind you with school) experiences at Geneva or other continental resorts. Of course, you will make your debut into University life in full academic dress, the non-ornamental part of which you will find invaluable as a pen-wiper, general duster and emergency raincoat. A dilapidated one is best, as warranted to conceal the fact of your freshness as much as possible.

I should further advise you to make quite sure, before coming, of your own and your ancestors' full names and dates of birth, plus all illnesses suffered and examinations passed, for use in filling up the multitudinous forms with which the authorities very kindly provide you during your first week. It is surprising to see what an effort these forms involve to some students, who find it difficult to calculate what year two-years-hence-next-July-if-they-get-Inter will be, which will be the date of their graduation. You must remember the Scouts' Motto and bring a logarithm book and ready reckoner with you.

Before you know who everybody is be careful to lie very low. For instance, you can never tell at first sight which are fellow-Freshers and which lofty Seniors, as some of the Seniors habitually look very lost and some of the Freshers assume the jaunty air of self-confidence which you so enviously notice. In cases of uncertainty do not ask people if they are taking Inter, but respectfully inquire whether they are in the Teachers' Diploma Class. It is much better to have the balance on the right side.

Then, as perhaps you know, you will be assigned to the merciful care of a tutor, and, in due course, you will go in academic dress, prepared to give a full account of your aims and ambitions in life, for your first tutorial interview. Of course punctuality on your part is essential, but do not be surprised if you are kept standing in a queue for an unlimited time. In fact, you may await your tutor's pleasure a whole afternoon in vain, this being merely a preliminary instruction in the noble virtue of patience. It is wise on these occasions to carry a camp-stool and to have on the person some such light reading as Bradley's Latin Grammar to fill in the hours of waiting, which you would otherwise spend in gazing out of the window at the traffic entering the College precincts. As some of it goes at a furious pace you had better study attentively the "Safety First" rules on the back of Woolworth's exercise books, which hard necessity will in time drive you to patronize, in spite of your present aristocratic principles.

Of course you will live at Highfield Hall, and if you wish to obtain a clear idea of the building gaze at the illustrations in the prospectus through darkened spectacles.

The photographs were taken in the dim and distant past, before kindly Time had softened down the superfluous clearness to a beautiful soft grey. There is nothing glaringly new about the house now, not even its famous Winter Garden. Make the most of your first entry into the Hostel. It is one of the comparatively rare occasions on which you will grace the front door. Not until you have climbed into the sheepfold by some other way—a base and ignoble side entry—during the week, can you appreciate the gusto with which we go in and out by the strait gate on Sundays. You will probably be surprised at the absence of a brass band to greet you on your arrival, but the bell-ringer to the establishment is not in attendance until the following morning, when she makes up for lost time with a vengeance. You are treated to amateur, informal concerts every morning which are warranted to put you in a good humour for the rest of the day and which tend to produce spasmodic rising of the united dormitory to request the ringer to pass on the musical treat.

I need scarcely warn you, I hope, of the evil results to the figure entailed by eating between meals, especially as the slim silhouette is here, as everywhere, a great asset. It is touching to watch people push away their plates untouched at lunch for fear of the "increasing haunting shadow," and the grim look of determination with which the men, especially, almost rush out of Refec. in fixed resolve not to succumb to the desire for a second helping of College pudding or rissoles. Refec. seems to have a different effect on people just before 11 a.m. The delicate aroma of coffee, tea and buns seems to travel up the path, which, by the characteristic courtesy and optimism of the College, is called "Covered Way," and to wind itself round you in ever-tightening coils which draw the unwary, much against their will down—down—down—. I really think the habit of going to Refec. at 11 is worse to break than that of taking alcohol, and the miserable, guilty look on the faces of the victims as this over-powering inclination grips them is almost haunting. In fact, it has so got on the minds of some earnest students that they recently held a debate on the great danger to the community entailed by the opening of Refec., and the serious atmosphere of their discussion was almost overwhelming.

I trust by now I have given you some idea of the pitfalls for the Fresher to avoid. I might add that an elementary knowledge of shorthand for use in lecs. would be useful. I should also, if possible, cultivate an intelligent and attentive expression. Observe strict silence in all lectures, but especially in Speech-Training. Do not be surprised if asked, what is the matter with you. This is only a gentle inquiry as to your welfare. With regard to points of general knowledge, I should advise you to find out where Kelly is, to be in readiness for any emergency. Do not interrupt other people by trying to work when they are talking. If you forget to attend a lecture, remember to dodge the lecturer afterwards. Do not stand long in the corridors, even near radiators, as the authorities have a wholesome horror of draughts, and do not study Psychology openly. Finally, if you get a library book you know other people want, do not let them know you have it, as this would encourage jealousy.

Attention to these details should make you an acquisition to U.C.S. and a credit to your family and well-wisher,

EXPERTA.



THE PORTSWOOD PILGRIMS.

WHAN that Octobre with his dayes daumpe
 Had changed solid lond to bogge and swaampe,
 A companye was met at Porteswood
 Of sondry folk, som wikked and som good.
 Both lordyngs and eek dames seigh I thar,
 And certes lasse peple plentee war,
 And som that cam war lerned men, parde,
 For everichoon of hem hadde a degre.
 Of mener folk it list me nat to writ
 Bot of the gret to speke is my delit.
 So right anon of hem I wol yow telle
 And while they waiten for the kirke belle
 —For they war cam togider for to goon
 To chaunterie ond that bifor the noon—
 I wol yow say thaway that they were inne.
 And at ——— than wol I first biginne.

She was vice-warden of an hostelrye
 And she possesst a right splendre bodye
 Yet she nis nat an esy-going mayde
 For whan I went to her to me she seyde,
 “Thou spekest nat the Englisch I wolde here
 Devise now som tale, that I may tere
 Thy dialekt to bittes; and spek clere.”
 Than atte first streight wey did I biginne
 Bot I was nat advaunced moch therinne
 Bifor she stopped me mid loude voys
 With wordes thet did nat my hert rejoys.
 “Ah, wrecche!” seyde she, “thou sayest not al
 Thy tees aright; I dred thou hast a glottal
 Stop, and eek ells hwich over-daurkned be
 Now listne, and attentif be to me.”
 Whereat she trilled forth in accents swote
 Sounes hwich prikked my hert atte rote,
 And aftir hir I wolde see the soun
 Bot nocht I spak that moot win me renoun.
 Alswa the tendre wimmen she doth tak
 Uppon the grene sward, and hem doth mak
 To doon P.T. uppon the Wednesday.
 Hit nis nat plesaunt to goon by that way
 And se swincen the poore girles yonge
 At the commaundes of hir silvre tonge.
 I haf herd tel bot sey hit nat for sooth
 That she doth to the diplomatik youth
 Speken of phisik and of surgerye
 And tel the cause of everich maladye.
 Fram my felawe I y-purposed hadde
 To lerne of this, bot he the naughty ladde
 Absented him an aufternoon therfro

The hwich him broghte muchel payne and wo.
 ——— was alswa ther, I ween
 The warden of South Stoonham her I meen.
 He was a lovyere of philosophye
 And alswa loved gretly poetrye,
 And Frauncis Thomson in especial
 The hwich y-cuthed was to oon and al.
 He moch discoursed of the theorik
 Of teching yonge childre, and the trik
 Of keping hem right in subjection
 Withouten ayde of oon punitioun.
 And certes hit is somdel hard to se
 How mid the modern kiddies this moot be,
 Bot if a professor seys hit is so,
 Hit nis nat for a student to say no.
 Of ponctualitee he maks gret cas
 As I haf lerned to my kost, alas !
 If thou art lat oon minut by the klok
 Altho fram bed thou risedst mid the cok
 And ran with hast to College al the way
 He wol enraged be mid thee, and say
 To thee that thou art bot an idel knave
 And than he wol against the slogard rave
 Bot een whan thou art in thy place y-set
 Imagin nat that he wol thee forget.
 His eyen sodeyn he on thee wol caste
 Demaunde of thee what seyde he the laste.
 This from your felawes bokes yow may se
 If that perchauns Fortune smile on thee.
 Bot if he yow demaunde the substauns
 Ther nis noon hope of swich fortunat chauns.

With him his yonge squier did I se
 The hwich me thoghte gret felicite.
 He was parde a stout carl for the nones,
 Fatte in the hed, and hadde mighty bones.
 I seyde er whan this tale I bigon
 I wolde nat devise of simple mon.
 Certes this mon hath nat an high degre
 Bot I wol ask yow of your curteisie
 Me now foryif; in oon sens he was gret
 For nis he nat a gret mon who is fet ?
 Ful worthy was he in his lordes werre
 And therto hadde ridden, noman ferre.
 And in tharmee of Inde served long,
 A serjaunt preux the lasse men among.
 Tharfor he knaweth what is wel to doon
 In everich thing mon doon bineth the moon.
 Ful mony a tale in hostelrye he spinnd ~~and~~
 Of wondrous feets he hadde y-showne in Ind.
 Of him no lenger list me now to singe,
 For now the bell for Refectrie doth ringe.

ON BEING IN LOVE.

MY title, like all good titles, is just sufficiently ambiguous to pique the attentions of the potential reader without in any way compromising the writer.

Potential Reader, scenting what out friend and teacher the great Fielding would call "an eleemosynary and possibly autobiographical treat" in the way of sentiment and emotional excitement, decides to hazard a few moments rapid perusal in the hopes of striking, possibly, upon something not new—originality in such matters being always suspect—but something which may perchance correspond with, or even be supplementary to, his own experience. I must apologise from the outset, therefore, and assure Potential Reader that so far from making a valuable addition in the shape of a treatise subjective or objective, physiological or psychological, to the matter already extant on this most perplexing of eternal problems, I approach it, rather, from a standpoint entirely outside the limits of experience or even of sympathy, as an honestly perplexed individual with a decided grievance.

As a matter of fact it concerns George. The fellow—not worries (that were too mild a term)—but shocks me. George, of course, is Jonathon to my David; George was the companion of my cradle-days, my fellow-hero in life's fitful Odyssey and, until quite recently, a very decent fellow—that is until his complete fiasco with Mabel.

Now Mabel is quite a nice girl. I was always partial to Mabel, and we've had some very jolly times together—all three of us. I remember—but that were degression.

But one night George and I went to a dance—admittedly an absurd and abandoned thing for two full-blooded and aspiring young men to do. I can only suppose that some malignant Nemesis, keeping in jealous view our all-too-blest-and-self-sufficient partnership, considered her time now come for intervention: hence the sudden frenzy.



"George and I went to a dance."

It was, I recollect, a soft white night in spring—a night obviously intended for better things—and we spent it dancing, we indulged in the idiotic pastime of dragging round to the accompaniment of "sounding brass and tinkling cymbal" women, divers and sundry, whom we had never seen before and were likely never to see again.

Mabel was there, too.

I didn't see much of George until we were going home. It was in the cloakroom. He dashed up to me, countenance a-glow and eyes burning with the fire of very madness.

"See you to-morrow, ol' chap," he cried. "Can't stop now—" but I caught him.

"Here, what's the matter?" I demanded. "What's the hurry?"

"Taking Mabel home," he explained, and wrenching himself from my grasp, was off like a meteor.

Now apart from the fact that Mabel was quite capable of taking herself home, I was and am quite incapable of seeing why we could not all three have gone home together. However, George got away with it and from that day to this hasn't been the same. The Shadow of Apprehension seems to have settled upon him. He is incapable of sustained effort. He cannot concentrate. He is visited with strange fevers of unrest and anxiety—an eye for ever on the clock. The very delights and amenities which made him of yore wont to declare life worth living—books and boats, beer and tobacco—all have lost their charm. Life is no longer the pleasant casual affair it was with him. It is no longer a joy and a delight to engage him in controversy or coax from him the aphoristic utterances for which he was renowned. Always he is haunted by the Fear.

A concrete example will illustrate what I mean, more than anything I can say.

I remember, many moons ago when the world was young, being out in a small boat with George on the Southampton Water. It was a blazing day in June. Finding the task of pulling against a strong tide too strenuous for our young muscles we cast anchor and lay down mother naked in the sun to read Swinburne—he being the chief divinity of the cult then in vogue among us and our contemporaries. Returning some two hours later to take an intelligent interest in things material and external we found ourselves in Spithead, just off Southsea. The point is, however, I remember George found it the funniest thing in the world to think that he had cast anchor without making sure there was a rope on it, and he revelled with infinite zest in the prospect of a long pull back by moonlight with silvery flakes of phosphorescent light dripping from our oars and to the accompaniment of our own sea-chanties and negro spirituals.

This was "the great Achilles whom we *knew*." See him now. Do but ask him to go for an afternoon's ramble in the country,—

"Yes," he will reply, half hesitant. "But I must be back for tea."

At intervals he will consult his watch—he who knew not the meaning of time in days gone by—with an apologetic, "Mustn't be too late, you know."

Suggest an excursion off the beaten track, he will become pitifully urgent:

"No, no. Must get back. Have to meet Mabel at six."

Poor George! One cannot but feel sorry for him. As a common friend I took upon me to put the case fairly to Mabel, told her the poor fellow's predicament, asked her if she thought it quite right.

"It's wearing him to death," I pointed out. "Why not let him alone for a bit?"

But Mabel didn't like that. She got very angry—and Mabel can be very bitter on occasion. She didn't want to monopolise his attentions; he need consider himself under no obligation to her; she had never asked him to sacrifice his time or his friends for her sake.

That was honest of her anyhow; I was exceedingly relieved. I went straight off and told George that Mabel didn't care a rap about him and that he was giving himself unnecessary trouble, wasting his time in fact. . . . My! George was in a way. He went off immediately to see Mabel—and they came back together to see me—!

Now isn't it just appalling—this inexplicable and seemingly inevitable "stroke" (for want of a better word) which compels with startling instantaneity a sound—in George's case I should have said superlatively sound—young man not only to surrender self-respect and individuality but, what is more, to cherish the tyranny which constrains him?

Far be it indeed from me to discourage the generous impulses of the human soul. I, too, have my impulses: none more imperative. I have had innumerable love affairs. I have nursed—what seemed at the time—undying passions for no less considerable

persons than St. Joan of Arc and the Virgin Mary. I have been the arena of passions such as it has been given to few men, perhaps, to experience. So much for generous impulses. But who shall say where generous impulse end and foolish infatuation based on the gratification of personal vanity begin? My passions are essentially idealistic. I daresay indeed that I have come in contact with few women with whom, unless they have been physically repulsive, I have not fallen in love at first sight, by reason of some attribute or peculiar trick of personality which falls in well with my standards of taste and judgement. The mind dwells on this particular attribute, tends to isolate it from the more or less unappealing remainder or even reconstructs the remainder anew in proportion with the particular part which pleases. It needs but fresh contact with actuality, however, to convince at least me, as to the futility of ideals and the vanity of human wishes. As for sacrificing friends and peace of mind and self-content in blind obedience to a false ideal—"alas, my poor brother!"



"We cast anchor."

The whole business, moreover, is so secretive.

In the past George and I were wont to conduct all our adventures, amorous and otherwise, in common. Thus, to consider only the amorous ones, did we share our first "flame," the girl from the sweet-shop at the corner: the bulls-eyes she was wont to bring in exchange for gooseberries, went one day to George, the next day to me. The affair, too, with the lady teacher whose business it was, in the dark days of war, to guide our erring minds towards the light, was another *menage a trois*: we took it religiously in turn to carry her bag to the station for sheer love of her radiant smile. I could go on multiplying examples endlessly—

And then a thing like Mabel comes along and . . . the thought hurts!

But there is another and a more disquieting significance to the affair.

Whenever I reproach George with this unworthy falling-off he just smiles gently and mysteriously and says:

"You don't understand, ol' chap. You couldn't be expected to. Your turn'll come."

Now I'm not the sort of person to be prevailed upon by threats. Nevertheless I cannot help feeling very perturbed by this prognostication of George's. For—understand me—it enters very convincingly into the scheme of things. I mean, George was always rather ahead of me in such matters. He it was who first caught chicken-pox: I followed suit. Likewise, with mumps, cigarette-cards, autographs—it was always George who set the example. And now this Thing has come upon him. . . .

Must I too succumb to the Fear—?

SIMPLE SIMON.

P.S.—I would welcome any correspondence which might be addressed to me through the medium of the *West Saxon*, and which should cast light on the doubts and hesitations expressed in the above article.—S.S.

The West Saxon.

SUPPLEMENT ON THE NATIONAL UNION OF STUDENTS.

IF there yet remains an undergraduate in Southampton who has never heard of the N.U.S., we despair of him. By memories, hazy no doubt by this time, but still existent, of speeches at the Freshers' Social; by frequently-appearing posters, that vie in attraction with any on our notice boards; above all, by the private eloquence of our N.U.S. officers, we adjure all other West Saxons.

Let us consider, more or less seriously, the implications of our membership in a Union of the Universities and University Colleges of England and Wales, the objects of which—to quote its constitution—are:

“To represent the students of this country nationally and internationally and to maintain their co-operation with the students of other countries.

“To promote the educational and social interests of students, in entire independence of all political and religious propaganda.”

We have been advised that it is our duty to begin with a justification of the being of such a Union; and, if we have apparently shirked the task, it is because we feel that the only justification of the N.U.S. is to be had in its work. In presenting to our readers a limited amount of information, which the enthusiast may supplement by applying to the secretary, Miss Ridgers, about the nature, history and activities universal and local of the N.U.S., we enable them to judge for themselves of the theory and, if they will, of the practice of this society.

THE GROWTH OF THE N.U.S.

(Reprinted from “The Serpent” of February, 1928, by the courtesy of the Editor.)

THE National Union of Students, as we know it to-day, is essentially a wartime inheritance, and the impetus for its creation came originally not from this country but from abroad. The story is very much as follows. In 1919, representatives of the students of the allied nations met at Strasbourg and formed the *Confédération Internationale des Etudiants*. There were present some unofficial English delegates, though Scotland was represented by her Union which had long been in existence. In 1921, the C.I.E. held its first Council at Prague. About a hundred English delegates went to this, but they represented no specific organisation. The old Universities' Congress, which was founded in 1906, and which considered very much the same problems as the N.U.S. considers to-day, had been killed by the war; there was existent an inter-Varsity Association, but it does not appear to have been represented at Prague. These hundred men and women went to Prague and there they found, not only representatives of the allied countries, but representatives also of those countries that had remained neutral during the war, of Denmark and Holland, of Norway and Sweden and Switzerland. Students from these countries appealed to the English to form a National Union, to join the C.I.E. and to lend their weight to the moderate block there. They pressed also for the admission into the C.I.E. of the Germans, whose student organisation, the *Deutsche Studentenschaft*, had been formed in 1919.

The English returned from Prague full of enthusiasm. The Inter-Varsity Association was dissolved and, in 1921, there came into being the National Union of Students of England and Wales. This was officially represented at the Hague Council Meeting of the C.I.E. The next Council was held at Oxford. Here the English delegates pressed strongly for the admission of Germany into the C.I.E. and that has been its consistent policy ever since.

So much is history. It may not make any very great appeal to the student of to-day. We belong to a different generation. The shadow of the war has become steadily less and less. The modern generation of students did not know the war. Some of them see the value of the N.U.S. idea, but they see it in a different light from that in which its earlier leaders viewed it. They see it not as an idealistic and international crusade, an organisation that is to bring sweet reasonableness to the turgid student politics of the Continent, but as something that ought to be practical, that ought to help them in their student life and student activities. They complain that the N.U.S. does not do this, that it is often far too pretentious and affects the ordinary student far too little. This is a complaint that must be met. The N.U.S. has always been meeting it; it has continued to develop and to change itself to meet fresh needs and changing times.

The Travel Department of the N.U.S. came into being in 1925. This is probably also a wartime inheritance. War is many things—it is disillusionment, it is bloodshed, it is also travel. And the war generation of students who were horrified by the bloodshed, yet saw the value of the travel and determined that it should be something that they would hand on to future generations of students. Perhaps it has not been so easy to hand on as they imagined. But the Travel Department has grown and changed to meet the needs of students. The first tours may have been very like Cook's tours. That complaint could hardly be urged to-day. N.U.S. travelling brings the traveller into touch with students abroad. Faculty tours enable students of like interests to travel together and to study their subject in other countries. Moreover, the number of foreign students and visitors from the Dominions who have been brought to England as our guests has had a real, if unconscious, effect upon the students of to-day.

In 1924, an Imperial Conference was held. One of the results of this was the inauguration of N.U.S. debating tours. The first "debating team" was sent to South Africa the following winter. Since then, university debaters have traversed almost the whole of the English-speaking world. In 1925, the first Universities Congress was held at Oxford, a Congress crowded with interest but overloaded with meetings. At Cambridge and at Bristol, the Congress has changed and evolved to meet changing needs. And this has been the history of the N.U.S. It has experimented. It has not been ashamed to admit failure. It has changed and adapted itself.

It would be impossible to make a list here of all the activities that have grown about the N.U.S. It has grown and increased like a snowball rolled down a hill. Nowadays we find it publishing a magazine, shepherding an Editors' Conference, setting up a Commission of Inquiry. It brings members of the different universities together at its executives, councils and congresses. It has done a vast amount of research work upon such problems as appointments boards, student exchanges, student employment, union organisation, scholarships. The results of this research are available for all and indirectly it is affecting the ordinary student far more than he probably realises. The N.U.S. arranges hospitality for students from other countries visiting our own; it brings the leaders of students from the Continent into touch with the English and Welsh universities and with English and Welsh opinion. It puts forward a sane policy at the Council Meetings of the C.I.E. It is becoming daily more practical. Every term it is becoming better recognised in the country; every term it comes into closer touch with the students in the universities.

But there is a danger always implicit in the National Union, a danger that it should become a mere bureaucracy, a collection of people in London, past students directing the students of to-day. That danger can only be combated by the students themselves. It is their Union—it is theirs to do with as they will. Its future development depends upon them

H. G. G. HERKLOTS.

UNION.

IT is sufficiently obvious that a Union can exist only in name, without contact between its members. The constituent bodies of the N.U.S., that is, the Unions of the individual Universities, establish contact officially at the Annual Council and terminal Executive Meetings which order the goings of the N.U.S. The value of these meetings to the Presidents and Vice-Presidents of the Unions may be inestimable, not only for supplementing their own experience by that of others in a similar position, but also for offering them new ideas and making public property of what have been successful experiments in single universities. The same may be said of the Editors' Conference, an adopted child of the N.U.S.

For the average student who reaps only indirectly the benefit of these contacts, circulation of ideas in the student world is ensured by the annual Congress and *The University*. The former is to be held this year at Aberystwyth. It offers a unique opportunity to students to escape from the provincialism, that too often threatens in their own university towns, by personal contact with the ideas both of the celebrities who speak and of their fellow students from various parts of the country who listen first and talk afterwards. We publish below an account of the Congress which was held at Oxford last year, as described by one of the nine Southampton students who attended it.

The existence of an inter-Varsity magazine calls for no justification. Suffice it to read the last number of *The University*.

THE N.U.S. ABROAD.

INTERNATIONAL REPRESENTATION.

AS one among many national Unions, the N.U.S. devotes a certain amount of energy to its duty towards its neighbours. The existence of an international Union, the "Confédération Internationale des Etudiants," of which the Council meets annually, makes this duty rather more than a vague ideal. The C.I.E. devotes itself to questions affecting student life and to the promotion of friendships between students of different nations—especially by travel. The difficulties which beset the first of these tasks may be gauged by the instance of a problem which is at present occupying a good deal of its thought—the impossible position of the Jewish students in Roumanian Universities brought about by the strong anti-Hebraic feeling of the Nationalists.

The N.U.S. is responsible for the representation of English students abroad, not only in the International Confederation, but at various foreign conferences. Last year, for instance, it sent representatives to the Conference of the National Student Federation of America and to the Congress of the Deutsche Studentenschaft at Danzig.

It also arranges for debating teams to tour the universities in other countries.

TRAVEL.

BY far the greatest part of the N.U.S.'s foreign work is absorbed by the arrangement of tours. In the various tours arranged last year—general, faculty, winter sports and walking—542 British students took part, while arrangements were made for private parties totalling 106.

The N.U.S. has two particular advantages in arranging student travel. In the first place, special reductions are offered them by many foreign railways; in the second, through the issue of Student Identity Cards, they can ensure the tourists' getting into touch with the students, and therefore with the private life, in other countries.

Exchange visits, tuition visits and exchanges of correspondence are also arranged by the N.U.S..

Forms of application may be had from the Secretary, N.U.S., 3, Endsleigh Street, W.C.1.

THE N.U.S. AT HOME.

The promotion of schemes in the interests of the student.

TOO few students are aware of the extent to which their interests have been studied by the N.U.S. The man who knows is tempted to regard the headquarters of the Union, 3, Endsleigh Street, as a potential information bureau on questions affecting students.

If he is visiting another university town, he can obtain from the N.U.S. particulars of the facilities afforded him as a visiting student, by the Union buildings there. If he is in London he can use the club room at headquarters and consult the N.U.S. publication called "This Week in London" for information about likely shows.

Academically, the book scheme with Messrs. Foyle with which we are all familiar, the "Guide to Library Facilities and Printed Sources of Information" which is not so well known, testify to the tender care of the N.U.S.

Financially, student interests have been promoted by the collection of information which can be had on application, of the scholarships and loans available both in England and abroad: and the formation of a loan scheme which has been adopted in three colleges; no less than by the N.U.S.'s constituting itself an agent for the Commercial Union Assurance Company, so that for 3s. a year a student may insure his personal belongings (including books) to the amount of £150, against damage or fire.

OXFORD CONGRESS.

(An Account by a West Saxon.)

IT is impossible for any one person to give an adequate account of the Oxford Congress. To see Oxford for the first time and to take part, also for the first time, in an N.U.S. Congress are experiences of essentially subjective value: and yet no purely personal account could do justice to the "crowded hour of glorious life" that variety of programme and scene offered us for a week. I must apologise, then, at the outset, if my "account" tends to alternate between a string of events and a series of impressions.

Arrival at Oxford on a typical April afternoon and finding our way, with all but our spirits damped, first to the headquarters of the Congress in Balliol, and afterwards to our various dwellings in Somerville or St. Hilda's if we were women, in Balliol or New if we were men, I leave to the imagination of the reader. We did not realise ourselves as "in Congress" until the inaugural meeting in the Examination Schools that evening,

when Sir Michael Sadler approached for us the subject we had come to Oxford to discuss: "Quo Vadis?" Then began a week of activity, mental and physical. We would rise (only just) in time for breakfast in the hall of the college where we slept and having eaten, usually with our fellow collegians because everyone else did, but occasionally with a group from elsewhere, the more energetic of us would hurry down to Balliol where Community Singing in the J.C.R. proved tremendously popular. When not even standing room remained inside later comers crowded three or four deep round the windows and joined in carolling "Oh the noble Duke of York" or "Billy Boy."

The serious business of the day began at 10, when the Union Debating Rooms, no longer sacred to the stronger sex, were filled with the Congress; and Sir Oliver Lodge, Mr. John Galsworthy and Professor Burstall addressed us on separate occasions on the question "Quo Vadis?" and afterwards discussed points that were brought up. There followed a break, in which the serious-minded discussed weightily the last meeting, while their more frivolous brethren fortified themselves against the next with coffee (strong) and conversation (weak). The programme for the next few hours varied considerably. One day we were shown some scientific films, interesting in themselves; but, as far as the more unregenerate members of the Southampton contingent were concerned, they derived their real and overwhelming attraction from the comments of two interested elderly ladies in the row behind. "1 p.m., lunch at Balliol, Trinity and New," said our programmes, and, according to the colour of our own or exchanged luncheon tickets, we dispersed to eat in the beautiful old halls. According to the programmes the afternoons were free, but actually they were so full of a number of things that king-like, we were hard put to it, to know what function to attend. Should we join a party that was going to explore Magdalen or Christchurch, or one that was visiting the Morris motor works of more recent fame? Or should we pursue "Quo Vadis" further at the International Teas that tended to overflow the room where they were held as more and more crowded in to hear the Italian President of the C.I.E., Mr. Maltini, defend Fascism, or Mr. Massani and numbers of his countrymen discuss Home Rule for India?

At 5 p.m. began the specialised meetings on Art, Education, Music, the Countryside, and so on. After the first hour, a growing restlessness among the girls in Prof. Patrick Geddes's group would begin to disturb the general atmosphere of rapt attention. Should we have time to go back to Somerville, change and return in time for dinner? The latter repast occasioned no small amount of anxiety, since the doors of the halls were firmly closed by custom and authority at 7.5, and he who was late was in danger of losing his dinner. Somehow, we usually managed to be just in time, even when, having forgotten our Congress handbooks with their maps of Oxford, we lost ourselves in St. John's on the way.

Consuming coffee after dinner in Balliol J.C.R., we read of our day's doings in the evening *Sum*, the N.U.S. journal, and prepared to enjoy the last event of the day. This took the form, on two evenings, of a dance at the Carfax Assembly Rooms, and on one, of a concert arranged by Mr. Christopher Mayson. The "Universities' Parliament" held two sessions at this hour in the Union Debating Hall. In the first of these a Liberal Government led by the President of the Oxford Union, Mr. Aubrey Herbert, introduced and carried a "Bill for the Reorganisation of the Coal Industry." The second session was chiefly remarkable for the questions with which it opened—especially Mr. Bagnall's. Unfortunately, it concluded, to quote a report, "in a life-like and therefore uninspiring replica of the Westminster atmosphere" which could have been spared. A performance of the O.U.D.S. one evening aroused a good deal of expectation, which was somewhat disappointed by the choice of plays, though not by the acting.

The gates of all the colleges were closed at 11 (or 12 on the evenings of the dances). Escorts who insisted on attending their fair partners home, came many a time and oft into danger of wandering the streets of Oxford through all night. We have not, however, heard of anyone who actually did.

When the day was officially over I hope that the hard-worked organisers sought their well-earned rest at once. But having talked and listened, observed and thought all day we were in no immediate hurry for slumber: and the nightly gatherings of four Southerners and two Northerners in one of the rooms at Somerville, to exchange our experiences and to thrash out further the more burning questions of the day, were perhaps not the least valuable part of the Conference.

And what did we bring away from it all? "Mental indigestion," said the thinker who had followed the speeches of the great men. "Aesthetic satisfaction and creative impulse," breathed the artist who had dreamed among the spires and revelled in the view from the Radcliffe Camera. "Contact with the past and hope for the future," quoth the historian who had haunted the Bodleian, stood stricken with joy in Merton Library, and hung upon the words of the report at the general N.U.S. meeting. "The memory of a jolly good time," laughed the gay young thing who had revelled at the dances, had boated, country danced and made friends.

A variety of experiences and suggestions had attended our enquiry of "Quo Vadis?" and it was surely no fault of the N.U.S. if we came back in the same coma of indefiniteness:

"We know not whom we trust,
Nor witherward we fare;
But we go because we must,
Through the great wide air."

REPORT OF N.U.S. HOSPITALITY ACTIVITIES FOR CHRISTMAS TERM, 1928.

OUR only opportunity of extending hospitality to students of other countries this term occurred towards the end of October, when Mr. Alexander and Mr.

Kenny, the chosen representative debaters of the Universities of Canada, landed at the Docks from the Union Castle liner *Albetic*. They were destined for an extended debating tour round the Universities of England, Wales and Scotland, to last about six weeks, the first of its kind ever undertaken in this country by Canadian students. (after which, we understand, they contemplated a dash to the continent on their own account, before returning homewards).

Owing to an unfortunate misunderstanding of dates on our part, we saw less than we might have done of Mr. Alexander and Mr. Kenny, merely meeting them and dispatching them straightway to Headquarters on the boat train, instead of keeping them here for a night. (However, the weather was appalling, so they were probably better off in London.) We hope to be able at least to wave them farewell from the Docks when they finally leave England, if not keep them here a day or two and show them the wonders of our College and the sights of this part of the country.

During the Christmas vacation, however, we shall be busy, as three parties of South African Students are due to arrive on Christmas and New Year's Eves and on January 11th. It will be our privilege to welcome them to these shores and to speed them on their tour. Any offers of help from students of Montefiore and Russell Halls in the matter of meeting these students will be gratefully received by the Hospitality Secretary.

M.K.

FORTHCOMING EVENTS.

TO the average undergraduate who sees little of the work of the N.U.S., that organisation may seem a little shadowy and ephemeral. We have, therefore, tried to give a list of forthcoming events below, to illustrate the type of work for which the staff at headquarters is responsible. The list is by no means exhaustive, but events likely to be of interest to the students of U.C.S., have been selected here and there from the year's programme.

On December 10th the Canadian Debating Team, which was welcomed on its arrival by representatives of this College, leaves London for Canada. A fortnight later, a large party of South African students are arriving at Southampton. A few of us still remain, who remember the very jolly crowd who came over in 1925 and presented "Phineas" to us as a token of friendship of the N.U.S.A.S. Although the resident students will by that time have dispersed to all corners of England, including Wigan *on dit*, we have every reason to believe that Montefiore and Russell Halls will not fail to extend the hearty greetings of U.C.S. to the South Africans on their arrival.

March 18th is an important date, for it marks the last day of registration for the Universities' Congress. This Congress, which lasts for a week, and is held annually, is attended by students from all over the country. The last Congress, which was held at Oxford, was attended by several students of this College, all of whom were emphatic on their return as to the good time they had had. For a week they had debated, discussed, listened to brilliant addresses by eminent men and women, had boated, played games and danced. This year, the Congress is to be held at Aberystwyth from April 10th to 16th, and we hope that Southampton will again be well represented. Further details of the Congress will be published in due course on the N.U.S. notice board.

In May, an American Debating team will tour the English Universities and Colleges, and, in the same month, a party of Spanish students will visit a number of our Universities and Colleges.

Finally, we would again remind our readers that the N.U.S. from time to time arranges most excellent foreign tours of various descriptions. Moreover, should any student desire to travel abroad at any time, the N.U.S. is always willing to assist and advise in every way.

M.C.R.

A TRUE STORY.

—"*Their's not to reason why,*" etc.

COMPLETE devotion to the task ahead is the sort of thing that the N.U.S. is notorious for inspiring in its officials. That even the minor conscripts can be infected is apparent from the following tale, which has reached us from two vacation workers for the N.U.S.

"We had been seeking all day hospitality for the German student singers," one of them confided (little knowing the editorial mind) "and we had come to the last name on our list of possible hosts. It was illegible and we were reduced to looking for the name of the house in a street that disdained to used numbers. We peered in vain at every gate and when we reached the end I turned imploringly to M—: 'Don't you think we might give it a miss? After all, they probably won't take a German.'"

But the light of battle shone in her eyes, 'We must ask,' she insisted. The only-person-to-be-found appeared soon afterwards, smoking a pipe, in his garden. He was

not very helpful at first. He hadn't heard of the house we were asking for—now, of course if we knew who lived there—. At last he decided to ask 'Alice,' who was inside. Snatches of the shouted dialogue from hall to bedroom reached us. Then he returned triumphant: 'Top o' the hill. Big gates on the left. You can't miss it.' We didn't. There they were—big, black and forbidding. Neither of us liked the look of them. But opposite stood others invitingly open. However, as there seemed no excuse for doubting Alice, I followed my strong-minded companion in on the left and watched her tug viciously at the bell.

'Now for it!' she muttered, between clenched teeth. 'Your turn to talk.'

I assented without enthusiasm. We waited. After a few minutes, I had a try at the bell 'though I can't imagine,' I told her, 'how they could have helped hearing you.' Lightning response followed my summons. A window overhead jerked open. Appeared and disappeared with alarming rapidity, one head. M—— and I grinned at each other. 'Humours of the way,' she whispered. 'Are we disirables? . . . No?'

Another window displayed activity at this point. Advanced and retreated another head. Then a third. M——grasped my arm violently. 'I know now!' she moaned in a hoarse and hollow whisper. 'It is——' And then a black-uniformed nurse opened the door. Needless to say, they did not put up German students at the Mental Home."



H.W.L.

LAMENT.

(To a chamber maid on the loss of his evening bags.)

Spoken by H. W. L.

*Editor's Note—**Research into the history of the piece reveals—*

- (1) ONE, who, packing at the end of last term, failed to find room for everything in his trunk.
- (2) A clergy retreat at S.S.H. during the vac.
- (3) Correspondence between the Warden who discovered foreign property in his room and the Bishop who would not acknowledge it as his.
- (4) Braid that grew with description—

O tell me, pretty maiden,
Where have my evening bags gone,
The one with yards of braid on,
Perhaps you know?

Has the Reverend sir suborned 'em,
Or the noble Warden pawned 'em,
Or have you shot-at-dawned 'em?
Tell me do.

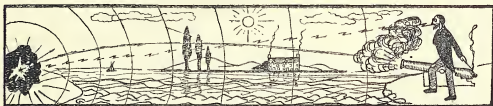
I shall have to tell your Ma pet,
For I've searched them near and far, pet,
And I want them for a carpet,
Ever so.

I would not do you wrong, dear,
But they were so broad and long, dear,
That my breast deep sorrows throng (tear),
Them I loved.

I can no longer go to dances,
Unless it be in fancies,
Till I know where those darned pants is,
Woe is me.

F.W.A.





H. W. L.

"O many a shaft at random sent
Finds mark the archer little meant."—*Scott*.

RUGGER. "Speak, man, thy mind!"—*Bunyan*.

CROSS COUNTRY RUN.

"We know not whom we trust
Nor witherward we fare,
But we run because we must
Through the great wide air."—*C. H. Sorbey*.

THE LIBRARY. "O cheerful, human noise!"—*Binjon*.

EDUCATION STUDENTS.

"Their only labour is to kill the time
And labour dire it is, and weary woe."—*Thompson*.

FRESHERS' SPEECH TRAINING.

"Here where men sit and hear each other groan."—*Keats*.

Mr. -A--O-T'S LECTURES.

"And oh if there be an Elysium on earth
It is this, it is this."—*Moore*.

JOURNEY DOWN COVERED WAY.

"There is not anything more wonderful
Than a great people moving towards the deep
Of an unguessed and unfeared future."—*Freeman*.

MEN COMING TO REFEC.

Tread softly, softly,
O men coming in.—*Colum*.

HIGHFIELD SUPPER. "Out, vile jelly!"—*Shakespeare*.

THE NEW SPORTS BLAZER.

"Yellow and black and pale and hectic red."—*Shelley*.

Mr. S-I-H.

"The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn."—*Shakespeare.*

Mr. STE--AN.

"I fret and rave and gabble
Like the labourers of Babel."—*Swift.*

Mr. O--O-N.

"I have a passion for the name of Mary."—*Byron.*

Mr. R-B-N-ON.

"Cheerful at morning he wakes from short repose,
Breathes the keen air and carols as he goes."—*Goldsmith.*

Mr. B-R-ER'S MOUSTACHE.

"Alas, poor lip! many a wart is richer."—*Shakespeare.*

Mr. W-L-ON.

"But there's nothing half so sweet in life
As Love's Young Dream."—*Moore.*

Mr. L-T-L-J-HN.

"I am not in the 'role' of common men."—*Shakespeare.*

Mr. B-KS.

"Night after night
He sat and bleared his eyes with books."

Mr. W-L-I-MS.

"I once admitted—to my shame,
That football was a brutal game,
Because she hates it."—*Cochrane.*

Mr. T-BN-R.

"Bad language or abuse
I never, never use."—*Gilbert.*

Mr. G--I-G. "My life is one demnd horrid grind."—*Dickens.*

ANY FRESHER.

"Lord, how it looks about!"—*Shakespeare.*

Miss -AC-ER.

"Keep me company, but two years' more
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue."—*Shakespeare.*

"And what is writ is writ,
Would it were worthier."—*Byron.*

EXTRACT FROM A WEST SAXON CHRONICLE CONCERNING THE HARTLEYANS.

1919. In this year did the West Saxons of Hartley greatly rejoice, for the rulers of the country having given orders to move the sick from the buildings of Highfield, the Hartleians did purpose to enter and dwell therein. Now by reason of the Great War and the little money, the new building was by no means so big as the one which they had left: and there was not room for them all. And it is said, though I know not if it be true, that there took place then a great fight among the people of the Hartley, because they all wished to dwell in the new stone building. And the Big Hartleians and powerful seized the space inside and pushed their smaller companions out into the cold. But these, being resourceful, took refuge in sundry of the wooden huts that the rulers of sick had carelessly left lying about the grounds. And they all met together in the biggest and strongest of these (for not yet was the mighty hall constructed) and considered what best they might do. Then advised a Young and Fiery Hartleian whose name was Simon, that they should make a raid upon the men in the stone house. But an older man, rising, said: "Not so, for they are bigger and stronger than we, as appears from their pushing us out. Let us rather lie in wait for the arrival of the food stores and sieze them, so that our enemies may starve. For a man without food is as a cannon without shot." And all the company agreeing, they appointed this man "prefect." Then they crept round the side of the stone building and laid an ambush for the provision van. (Now the Big Hartleians in the stone house were meanwhile quarrelling as to who should have the biggest rooms.) And when at last there arrived the first provision van, stored high with sacks of potatoes, the Little Men jumped valiantly on to the sides of it and he that was young and of Fiery Temper hit the driver over the head with one of the sacks. And while he drew his victim to the ground, the Prefect climbed up into the seat and began to drive the van. Now, though this man was a wise counsellor and an hoary, he understood no wit the ways of motors. And he drove into the wall of the stone house. Then were the Little men thoroughly discomforted—both by reason of the postures into which those who had climbed in with the potatoes were thrown, and also because they feared that the Big Men would hear the noise and attack them. And one of the Big Men, indeed, who, having first seized the greatest of the rooms and named it Room I, was not far from the place of the accident, came out. And he seized upon the Prefect and carried him away captive. And this Big Man's name was Pete Topas. But because the rest of the Big Men did not at once support him, the Little Men were able to carry their booty into the Biggest Hut. Then did they light a fire therein and cook potatoes. And the Little Man, Simon, being far from the fire and finding that the food which came to him was scanty and cold by reason of the distance, formed a plan how he might install himself in the midst. So he rose up and exclaimed "Oh, Little Men! I have somewhat to say unto you." Then did the Little Men gaze upon him with amazement, for they were not accustomed that men should want to speak when there was eating of potatoes. And they paid the more attention to him for this reason. Now, when Simon saw that they attended to him, he began to speak, and as he spoke he shivered exceedingly, so that his words were indistinct in the chattering of his teeth. And one of the Little Men near the fire, being full of potatoes and compassion, cried out to him to come near and speak to them from the midst. So the crafty one approached the fire, and with the hottest of potatoes in his hand and a smile upon his lips, he said: "Is it not fitting, O Little Hardeians, that we should remember our leader who is carried off? Where-

fore let us call this hut after his name that we may think upon him whenever we come hither to eat." And they all cried out, consenting, "O Simon!" And one who was skilled in woodwork did cut out the shapes of block letters and fixed them upon the outside of the door in the form "PREFECT." And they all rejoiced.

But during the night came the enemy Pete Topas and gazed at it with anger. And because he wished to destroy the letters of the Little Men and to decorate his own room, he carried off the first and last letters of the word which were his initials and these he placed in own dwelling thus: "P.T." Now he was a student in an evil kind of gymnastics.

And the Big Hut was called thereafter (and is to this day) by the letters of the word which remained: REFEC.



THE CONSCRIPT.

I FLED her all one damp November day,
I fled her ev'ry time she came in view,
I fled her down the length of Covered Way
Into Refec. She followed fast. I flew
From where I hid behind a boob's plus fours
Into the grounds—yet still her feet pursued;
I fled into Hut C, whose open doors
Offered a refuge. She pursued me thence,
And caught me up at last in Room Fourteen,
And cried (commandingly her voice did bleat),
With language, far too violent to repeat,
"Sit! write me something for the Magazine!"

B.J.R.

(We apologise to our readers for the waste of our time.—Ed.).



THE BURBLE.

O H! I made a one-string fiddle
With a jam-jar and a spoon,
With a boot lace and a riddle
And the down-train's leaving soon.
But I shall whistle gaily
Like a sweet Aeolian breeze,
When the palm-trees flower daily
And the Cubans speak Chinese.
What a world of wit and wonder
When the cheese mites sing their songs
To the rattle of the thunder
And the writing of the wrongs!
But, some day, the Earth will burgeon
With the hues of socks and hats,
While I frolic like a sturgeon
In my belfry with my bats,!

CORRESPONDENCE.

The Editor, The West Saxon.

Sir,

The old order changeth. We are all looking forward to a University of Wessex. We stand on tiptoe, mouths open, eyes goggling at a future state. We go about saying to each other: "When we get the pavilion"; "When they build a centre block"; or "When they put the geysers right. . . ."

Let us wheel about and survey our state from the other direction. How have we progressed since we were Freshers?

To begin with, when some of us were Freshers, we *were* Freshers. If, after we had established ourselves in a bathroom, a senior entered at any moment short of the actual second of immersion, we blushed all over under our dressing gowns, stammered, beamed and fled. I can remember a tragic episode of washing my hair in a senior's hot water, and attempting to justify myself to unabluited majesty with a turban wrapped about my guilty head and stalactites of toffee depending from my teeth. These days are over and gone. They have followed the toffee.

We have forgotten surnames and I think very few of us are sorry, though I certainly experienced a distinct shock when an unknown Fresher from a different hall, came happily up, during the first week of term, to accost me by a particularly intimate and undignified nickname. But, except for such extreme cases, it is all the better. There is no longer any need for a Senior to feel agonized in the presence of Juniors, or for a Junior to remember that when a Senior addresses you, you answer at once and respectfully. Nowadays, you don't. You say, "Well, old top, what do you want now? Have some coffee?" After all the main thing is that it shouldn't be camp (which it usually is).

But if we are going to find equality fraternity and liberty at hostel, are we going to look for it at coll.?

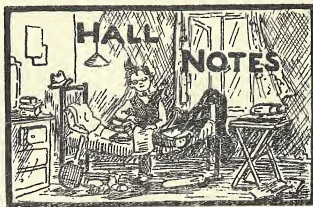
Or, if each of the halls is to become one vast and delightful family, are we going to have trouble with our neighbours? Shall we find that when all the people in one house are banded together, they will, like most closely-bound communities, sally forth with blue berets over the border? Without there being actual hostility, we may find that we haven't time or inclination to cultivate the friendship of the foreigners; and so, instead of being divided into horizontal strata of year, we shall merely split up into no less distinct vertical columns of house. In a college the size that this must remain for many years, we dare not do it. At Oxbridge, perhaps St. Mildrew's can afford to ignore the inhabitants of Oldenham. But we can't—most emphatically we can't.

If we split up into miserable little cliques because we live in them we shall lose at least our absolutely necessary public spirit. To take a concrete example: when we elect representatives for college offices, what on earth are we going to do? Shall each hall put up a member and the largest push in its choice by force of numbers? And, even if we try to be sane, how can we decide between two nominees when we don't know one by sight and we have a hazy idea that the other plays tennis rather well?

It seems to me that if, because we can have the company of people from 5 p.m. to 9 a.m. and again at lunch, we imagine ourselves obliged to see no other social group, to make no other friends and to have no other ties, we are courting sure disaster for the health of our college life. If having rid ourselves of one group of cliques, we are building up another, then so far from progressing towards the ideal of a "universitas," we are falling back to the aggressive spirit of rival prep. schools.

I am, Yours, etc.,

"QUO VADIMUS?"



SOUTH STONEHAM HOUSE.

THERE seems to be no limit to the capacity of our walls; this year we are accommodating a hundred and ten students, a number unprecedented in the history of the House. To our fifty newcomers we extend a very hearty welcome.

A pleasant evening was spent on the first Friday of the term, when a smoking concert was given by the seniors; and the juniors have since returned the entertainment in divers ways; particularly through such effective media as footwear—and other wear. The old lady in the neighbourhood who saw “the young gentleman sleepwalking” one Saturday morning will not soon forget her experience! Careful investigation also revealed a considerable amount of musical and dramatic talent, and filled the hearts of the secretaries of the Choral and Stage Societies with rejoicing.

On Sunday, October 21st, the House was honoured by the company at breakfast of the Mayor and Mayoress of Southampton, who afterwards attended the College Service in St. Mary's. We also had the pleasure, on October 16th, of entertaining to dinner Commander Hylton, Governor of Winchester Prison, who spoke appreciatively of the work which had been done in connection with the prison by members of the House. His appeal for further assistance met with a ready response, and we are now able to provide lectures for eleven classes at the prison every Sunday.

Our first inter-hall function was held on Saturday, November 10th, when the members of Highfield Hall were our guests for the evening. Miserable weather seems to curse this fixture every year, but thought of the dreary conditions without were completely banished by the enjoyable atmosphere within. Thanks to the efforts of our two electrical experts, the concert was enhanced by elaborate lighting effects, an innovation which was much appreciated. The seniors are looking forward to an evening with Montefiore House on November 17th, and the juniors are already getting excited at the prospect of their first visit on the following Saturday, when they are to be entertained by South Hill.

The Armistice Service, which was held as usual on the evening of November 11th in St. Mary's, by kind permission of the Vicar, was well attended. The expert instruction of Mr. D. C. Williams, who had paid us a special visit a few days previously, enabled us to lead the singing in excellent style. The Carol Service is to be held on December 12th; and great schemes which are in process of development promise to make it a truly festive conclusion to the term.

L.H.S.

RUSSELL HOUSE.

LAST term witnessed an innovation in that Montefiore Hall co-operated with us in entertaining the Staff. We hope it was successful and are very grateful to our sister House for their help.

Last term, too, we entertained South Hill, and spent a very enjoyable evening at an entertainment given by them later in the term.

We have now come to the beginning of the Academic year, and all our misgivings have been dispelled by our Freshers. They were entertained to tea by the House early in the term, and are keeping up our numbers to their pleasantly high standard. We offer them all a very hearty welcome, and are assured that everything promises for a highly successful year.

H.M.C.

HIGHFIELD HALL.

TERM began with the usual reception (unofficial) of our Freshers, a foundation for a healthy college career being given them by a gratuitous medical inspection conducted by the "house surgeon," who endeavoured to ensure for them the ever-fresh "greenness" of youth! An official reception in the form of a social followed later.

Ici on parle francais has been suggested as an appropriate motto for Wednesday's "continental" breakfasts, owing to the welcome innovation of coffee and rolls for that meal. Another innovation (but not so welcome!) is that of the rising gong, and though this is admitted to be an improvement on our former cracked bell, its resounding peals do not meet with due appreciation at 7 a.m.

Fire-drill was carried out with its usual success, the only casualty being one shoe-button.

We are anticipating a pleasant evening as guests at South Stoneham House on November 10th.

N.M.L.

SOUTH HILL.

"FIFTEEN men on a dead man's chest!"

Dear me! I seem to have got a little mixed, but it is all their fault! What I meant was that we have fifteen juniors, lively juniors, frolicking juniors, juniors that are both seen and heard. In fact we old stagers have to keep our wits about us.

We had, however, a most enjoyable evening entertaining them on October 5th.

November 5th was celebrated in time-honoured fashion with bonfire and fireworks. Our thanks are due to the "Three and a half stalwarts" from Stoneham.

On Saturday, November 24th, we hope to entertain the Stoneham Freshers. In anticipation of this event the Hostel Choral, Dramatic, Shoe-collecting and Pyjama-draping Societies are in full swing.!

D.S.H.

MONTEFIORE HALL.

FRESHERS! We wish you a very hearty welcome to College and to Montefiore Hall. We look to you to maintain and to add to the traditions of your House, especially by attending our coming social functions.

At present we have had only one "family" tea, and this was supported by the large majority of the House.

Our first inter-Hostel function is yet to come. We hope that it will be as successful and as enjoyable as our family teas, both for our guests and for ourselves.

Montefiore Hall—remember your motto, "THINK AND THANK!"

R.M.



COLLEGE UNION NOTES.

THE commencement of this session has marked an important step forward in the history of the Union in that the latter has now a definite constitution. During last session the Students' Council slowly and painfully evolved the principles on which the student life of the College should be organised; sessions were prolonged; tempers and patience sorely tried; but there can be no doubt that the efforts made will be repaid by the increased efficiency and smoothness with which the whole Union can run.

Officials of the Union have been further aided by the Rules of Procedure which have been issued, with the approval of Senate, by the Wardens. By clearly stating the procedure to be followed when College functions are likely to affect the internal arrangements of Halls, the rules have made secretaries' tasks very much easier, and should certainly enable those hitches to be avoided which formerly all too frequently occurred through secretaries' ignorance of what was required of them. A number of important concessions have been made. Leave from Hall will be granted upon application approved by the Students' Council until 11.15 p.m. for ordinary approved functions, and until midnight once each term. A still more important change from the point of view of the Union is the abolition of compulsory periods of private study in the hostels, thus allowing society meetings to be held on any evening. These are happy signs that University status is really being acquired in spirit as well as in name. Not only the kindergarten, but also the Training College stage has now been passed, and it is to be hoped that students—and staff—will appreciate and respect this increasing responsibility which is rightly being given to the former.

In order to avoid undue distraction the Students' Council has asked Union secretaries to arrange their meetings as far as possible on Tuesdays and Thursdays only. A meeting of all secretaries held at the end of last term arranged a provisional programme for this session, thus avoiding a good deal of clashing of meetings.

A very successful venture this session has been the substitution of diaries for the former rather useless College Union cards. The secretary of the Union, Mr. R. G. Fulton, undertook the editing of the diary, and the numerous messages of congratulation which he has received have certainly been merited by his excellent production.

The first Saturday of the term was, as usual, the occasion of the Freshers' Social, when old and new members of the Union had their first opportunity of meeting together. The Principal extended a hearty welcome to the Freshers in his own inimitable way, and a very pleasant evening was further occupied with short speeches by officials of the Unions, musical items and dancing.

On Sunday, October 14th, the College was invited to attend Divine Service at Highfield Church with the Mayor and Corporation of Southampton, and over a hundred students were present.

On Monday, October 29th, when the Students' Council had the pleasure of entertaining to tea the Wardens and Senior Students of the Halls, an enjoyable informal hour was spent. Occasional meetings of this nature should prove very helpful in maintaining the necessary close contact between the general student body and the Halls.

At the general wish, the secretary of the Union was instructed to write on November 8th to the retiring Mayor, Mrs. Alderman Foster Welch, congratulating her on an eminently successful year of office, and expressing appreciation of her interest in students and College. The Students' Council was very pleased to take the opportunity of forwarding at this time a donation towards the endowment of the Foster Welch cot in the Royal South Hants Hospital.

The secretary has also conveyed to Alderman Pugh the congratulations of the Union on his election to the office of Mayor for the coming year.

In accordance with the Constitution, a general meeting of the Union was held on November 13th. A brief outline of business transacted by the Students' Council and of matters of general interest to the Union was presented, after which a number of amendments to the Constitution, passed by the Students' Council, were submitted to the meeting and ratified. These will be submitted to the College Council for approval in due course.

The Students' Council has elected as Associate Members of the Union Professor E. L. Watkin, M.A., who has accepted the Presidency of the Chess Club; Mr. D. C. Williams, F.R.C.O., who has accepted the invitation to succeed the late Professor Leake as President of the Choral and Orchestral Society; and Mr. F. G. Maunsell, M.A., who has thus, as a member of the Union, been able to figure in the chess team, to which he has rendered valuable service.

The Appeal Committee of the Students' Council has been meeting regularly once a week to collect information about students' activities for the use of the Publicity Committee of the College. It has also been asked to organise the canvassing of certain parts of the town, and has been able to allocate to all town students a share in the Appeal campaign.

Though provision for it had been omitted from the Constitution, the Hall Committee met early in the term, and an attempt is being made to provide an enjoyable and varied programme of lunch hour entertainments.

The Rag Committee held its first meeting on Saturday, November 10th, and will continue to meet at least once a week. The date of the Rag has been fixed for March 2nd, and articles, humorous advertisements and a cover design for the "Rag Bag" as well as general ideas for the Rag itself are wanted forthwith. In this, the great event of the year, an enormous amount of preparation and organisation is involved, and the help and enthusiasm of all are needed. The juniors promise to be excellent ragers, and there is every prospect that next year it will be possible to provide the town with a better entertainment than it has ever had; and so to make a really substantial contribution towards the relief of the Hospital's burden.

L.H.S.

STAGE SOCIETY AND PLAY READING CLUB.

BY the time this appears in print the reader will have had an opportunity of judging with what zeal the cast and producers of "The Whole Town's Talking" have worked during the whole of this term. May his judgment be favourable!

This term, as may be seen by the new title above, the Stage Society has taken under its wing that healthy fledgling, barely younger than itself, the Play Reading Club. There is now no subscription and the foundling is in a most healthy condition.

E.L.

SOIRÉE.



THE first Soirée this term was well attended. This, however, did not fluster the Refectory Staff, who with their customary calmness and sangfroid ministered excellently to our bodily needs. Music was provided by Newton's Dance Band, a combination playing up-to-date music with enthusiasm.

It is with pleasure that we look forward to the second on December 1st, when, thanks to the insistence of the Students' Council, leave has been granted until midnight. Moreover, the dance has definitely to finish at 11.30, and in consequence distinct opportunity is provided for far less hurried "goodnights."

In conclusion, we lament the absence of many familiar faces, and accordingly we impress upon all Old Hartleyans that they are always welcome at an affair which is untinged with any suggestion of moral uplift.

P.J.O.

ORCHESTRAL AND CHORAL SOCIETY.

THE Choral and Orchestral Society will be presenting "Iolanthe" during the Spring Term, and the rehearsals which have been held this term seem to indicate that the production will be even more successful than "H.M.S. Pinafore" was last year. The interest taken in the Society, both by Staff and students, is reflected in the fact that the membership of the Society has increased considerably since last session. The Society is in the fortunate position of possessing a very strong caste, a fact which lightened considerably the usually arduous task of allocating the principal parts. The Orchestral Section of the Society is also in a very flourishing condition, and will again undertake the Orchestral side of the session's productions.

F.H.O.

GRAMOPHONE CONCERTS.

A MUCH appreciated weekly feature of the various lunch hour entertainments is the gramophone concerts. A number of music lovers of the Staff have formed themselves into a Gramophone Club, and to them we are indebted for the loan of the records which are used at the concerts. We are also grateful to Miss Trout for her care in the arrangement of the programmes. In place of the gramophone concerts on some memorable occasions last session the late Professor Leake and Mr. D. C. Williams entertained us with pianoforte recitals, which were greatly appreciated. We hope that Mr. Williams will favour us sometimes this session.

The Gramophone Club Committee hopes that students will ask for any music they would particularly like to hear. Requests or enquiries should be made through Mr. E. A. Coombes, the student representative on the Committee.

SCIENCE SOCIETY.

WE have been unfortunate this session in that three of the meetings arranged have had to be cancelled, owing to the lecturers concerned being prevented from giving their lectures, so that at the time of going to Press no meetings have been held.

On November 22nd, however, we are looking forward to a lecture from Dr. W. Rae Sherriffs.

Students of all faculties are welcomed at our meetings, which are distinctly non-technical in nature.

G.H.J.

S.C.M.

THE decision of a Committee extraordinary at the end of last session has brought about the long discussed disaffiliation of our branch of the S.C.M. from the College Union and has left us to stand both constitutionally and financially on our own feet.

So far from the effort causing overstrain, the movement appears to have gained a certain amount of impetus from independence. The weekly prayer meetings have been well attended, and study groups in the Halls have increased to seven.

The latter, as well as the series of general meetings, have been arranged with a view to preparation for the Quadrennial Conference of the whole movement to be held at Liverpool in January. We hope with the aid of Tea Dances and subscriptions to send our allotted twelve delegates to this. Its subject, "The Purpose of God in the Life of the World," has been the main theme of all our meetings. On October 9th Mr. F. A. Cockin opened the series with an address which provoked much discussion on the meaning of "The Purpose of God." He was followed on October 30th by Miss Morgan Owen, who described life in the Welsh mining areas. On November 15th Mr. Dobson will attempt within the limits of a lunch hour, a justification of missions, and on November 29th Mr. Longman, a missionary of long standing in China, will give us the benefit of some of his experience.

Miss Towers, of the Women's Settlement, Canning Town, and Mr. Miller, of America will also, it is hoped, visit us this term.

P.S.

LEAGUE OF NATIONS SOCIETY AND CARNEGIE INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS CLUB.

THIS term has been marked by the formation of an International Relations Club by the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. The Club already possesses the nucleus of a library dealing with international politics, diplomacy and economics, and this will be enlarged periodically with the most up-to-date publications. So far, the Club has justified its existence in two separate courses of study groups embracing the work of the I.L.O., and current events, i.e., the Kellogg Pact and the Anglo-French Naval Agreement.

In addition, we have enjoyed an extremely interesting talk from Mr. Masani on the subject of "India," and by the time this appears in print, Dr. Stancomb will have spoken on the "Psychology of Disarmament."

B.A.N.

SCOUT CLUB.

ACTIVITIES this term have been confined to three lectures on Scouting. Col. Pennell, of Toc H, came down early in the term.

Mr. Robinson gave the first of a series of First Aid Classes.

Mr. H. F. Stalland, Headquarters Commissioner for Universities, spoke on "Scouting in Public Schools."

We should like to see more at our meetings, however, and the institution of a practical half-hour during Tuesday lunch hours in Hut C, should provide an opportunity for those interested in social service to acquire a knowledge of the working methods of the Scout Movement.

C.J.

STUDENTS' GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.



THE Students' Geographical Society has been more than usually flourishing this term, having reached a record membership of over eighty. This Society has presented a programme likely to appeal to all tastes. Miss F. C. Miller, B.A., gave, on October 16th, an original and most fascinating geographical study of Llanidloes, that remote town on the Severn. To most of us it was a revelation of the romance that lies in the story of many a British town seen through the eyes of a keen geographer.

This term we have had two excursions. We spent a Saturday afternoon (Oct. 27th) at Taunton's School, where, thanks to the kindness of Mr. Hemmings and Mr. Frearson, we were shown the wonderful collection of apparatus used for the

teaching of Geography in that school. It included some excellent specimens, diagrams and pictures, with a good supply of wall maps and a lantern fitted with an epidiascope.

On Wednesday, November 7th, a party of about sixty strong boarded the *Empress of Australia* in the Docks. This boat, belonging to the C.P.R. Line, was preparing for a six months' cruise round the world. We were fortunate in reaching the upper deck just as the *Berengaria* with her tugs arrived in port.

On November 6th Dr. Freeman, headmaster of Peter Symonds' School, Winchester, and an old Hartleyan, delighted us with an account of vegetation in relation to certain climatic and soil conditions. The slides which illustrated his address gave a very clear impression of varying types of scenery from salt marshes to semi-desert areas.

We hope before the end of the term to have had the pleasure of another lantern lecture from R. Casson, Esq., M.A., on "Elephants and Teak in Burmah." F.H.B.

THE ENGINEERING SOCIETY.

E'en though men may come and go,
 No mere mortal shall, by his
 Going, shake the foundations of the Society.
 In this term, have been arranged
 Numerous LECTURES, for the
 Entertainment of its Members.
 ELECTRIC WELDING has been dealt with;
 RAILWAYS have
 Invited their interests, and later,
 Great INDIAN IRRIGATION WORKS will lure them.

Several more LECTURES will come, and
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AMICEME.



RUGBY FOOTBALL.

ALTHOUGH at the beginning of the season the Rugby Club did not appear to be in a happy position, since only seven of last year's clever but inconsistent side were again available, yet it considered itself fortunate in having in residence this session several freshmen who had previously played for very strong school teams. Thus it was anticipated that the club would have quite a good side and could confidently look forward to a successful season. Although this anticipation has not been fully justified so far, it would be unfair to submit the team to any critical judgment, until it has had an opportunity of playing several matches together.

Unfortunately, early in the season the side lost the valuable services of its captain, E. A. Coombes, and its scrum-half, W. Iliffe. These injuries, besides other minor ones, weakened the defence particularly. Moreover, it must be remembered that as a side the team is comparatively light, when compared with the crushing weight of most of its opponents. However, its dogged persistence, which has been apparent throughout the season, and the way in which it stands up against such formidable and experienced Service teams, as R.A.F. (Flowerdown) and R.A.F. (Worthy Down), have certainly enhanced its reputation, and deserve great credit. Thus, although the initial teams have been mostly experimental, their standard is certainly higher than that of last year's fifteen, while their performances so far have been quite satisfactory.

D.G.W.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.

INDIVIDUALLY the College XI seems to be somewhat inferior compared with that of last year, but, regarded as a team there is ample recompense. There is a spirit of comradeship and harmony which has been lacking in the past, and this spirit, combined with the fact that there has been no cause for changes, has made the season, up to the present, very successful.

More particularly was brilliance shown in the game against the Royal Engineers, when, smarting from a 6-2 defeat by the Imperial College of Science, London, the team played fast, vigorous and clever football, played so that there was scarcely a dull moment for the spectators, and won by five brilliant goals.

Moreover, the 2nd XI, though they have played but few matches this term, have shown considerable talent—talent which deserves every encouragement and which will serve to form the basis of next year's XI, for unfortunately the majority of the first team are in their last year. Let this season, therefore, be outstanding in the Soccer history of the College.

P.J.O.

NETBALL CLUB.

HAVING only two members of last year's team left, our hopes have rested mainly with Freshers. We have not been disappointed. The first seven has shaped itself rapidly under Miss Ricks' kind coaching and has won four games out of five. The second seven has lost all five games played, probably owing to the fact that they have had little team practice. However, we expect better results from them in the future.

R.M.

WOMEN'S HOCKEY CLUB.

THE splendid condition of the field this session has excited the enthusiasm of the old-stagers, if not the freshers, who, ignorant of the former condition of the ground, are not, perhaps, duly appreciative. The sharing of the pitch with the men has not been the trial it threatened to be as hitherto the matches have usually fitted in surprisingly well.

As only four old Colours remained from last season, the XI has been some time settling down as a team. Results up to date have, however, been quite favourable. Out of five matches, one only has been lost, and that by a narrow margin, while the goal score is definitely in our favour. The second XI, out of four matches, has lost two, but with practices almost every Wednesday seems likely to do well.

The advent of numerous enthusiastic freshers, including a first-rate goalie, presages a successful season for both teams.

A.McC.

MEN'S HOCKEY CLUB.

THIS section of College sport which reached so low an ebb as last season has had a rather unexpected revival this year. The general standard of play among the freshers in all forms of sport has been fairly high, and particularly was this to be noticed in the case of the Men's Hockey Club. Around the nucleus of four old colours a sound and business-like team has been built up. A good, hard-working attack has had the support of a defence that is not afraid to tackle "or to hit" the ball hard. In goal we have the greatest find of the season in Fullaway, who has played what can only be termed really brilliant games. On the score of the last line of defence we may, therefore, have no qualms.

As regards results of matches played there has been a marked improvement. So far six games have been won out of nine, and a balance of goals on the right side is one that can only give pleasure. Among these wins the one against Boscombe H.C. must be mentioned, as we administered to them their first defeat of the season and reversed last year's decision when we lost to the tune of eight—one.

Although it is not easy to make mention of individual performances, yet the shooting powers and scoring ability of Major and Bevis call for record, while in the half-back line Gooderham has played some useful games. The loss of Ganly through injury has disorganised to some extent the defence, and when he returns the Hockey Club will put into the field a combination which may with justice be called a team.

V. E. C.

HARRIERS.

ALTHOUGH still in an embryonic stage, the cross-country section of the Harriers and Athletic Club has amply justified its existence, every one of the three matches having resulted in a victory. An even more noteworthy feature, however, is the tremendous enthusiasm and ability found not only in the fast pack but also in the weekly organised "flying squad"—an enthusiasm which has surprised even the most optimistic.

When the club was formed, it was expected to have to rely mainly on talent existing among the Freshers. Fortunately, not only has this been found, but it has been an agreeable surprise to discover much latent talent among the seniors, several of whom have already done sterling work for the team. The Harriers are undoubtedly a hard-working, conscientious band, but criticism may be levelled at the fact that they run as individuals and not as a team. A knowledge of "packing" and of the finer points of cross-country is, however, being speedily acquired, and before the present season is finished the team will be one of the strongest in College.

Athletic fixtures are already being arranged for the summer and the prospects for a successful season are very bright.

J.C.



SHORT STORY COMPETITION.

The *West Saxon* offers a prize of one guinea for the best short story of not less than two thousand words submitted, by a student of the College, by Feb. 1st, 1929.



ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

We acknowledge, with thanks, the receipt of the following and apologise for any omissions :—

The Northerner (Armstrong College), *The Dragon* (Aberystwyth), *The Serpent* (Manchester), *Sphinx* (Liverpool), *Students* (Riga), Natal University College Magazine, *The Die*, *N.U.S.A.S.*, *The Rhodian* (Grahamstown).

These, together with a number of old issues of the *West Saxon*, are to be seen in the Library, and may provide ideas for the author who would write he knows not what.

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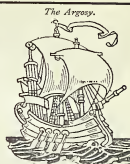
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